

Down in Tennessee.

One bright forenoon last fall, near a deserted mill in the outskirts of Chattanooga, the following bit of Tennessee bargaining was overheard:

An aged negro, driving an old, slowly moving mule hitched to a two-wheeled dump cart, came along.

He was bound for a woodyard on the banks of the Tennessee river near by where that muddy stream sweeps around the foot of Cameron Hill and begins curving a graceful bow to the bold Lookout mountain, which looms up before it. Just as the negro was accosted with the customary "Howdy?" by a lazy-looking native wearing a jeans suit and a broad-brimmed hat.

"Howdy?" granted the negro, as he stopped his mule with a fierce jerk which sent the front of the wagon against the beast's haunches and the shafts higher than its ears.

When the cart had come to a stand-still the young man took a portly chew of tobacco, slowly adjusted his right foot on the hub of the cart-wheel and, with slow measured accents asked:

"How much be ye selling wood for?"

"Two bits a load, boss."

After mature deliberation and mastication the prospective purchaser drawled out:

"Two bits a load?"

"Hits little 'nuff, boss," replied the colored man. "Hit leaves me only 2 shillin' fer totin' gin I pay 2 shillin' fer th' wood at th' yard—little 'nuff fer totin'."

"Yes, I reckon."

Then the languid young man picked up a stick and began whittling, and the teamster sat mute in his cart for five minutes, breaking the silence finally with:

"D'ye reckon you'll want a jag o' wood?"

"That's what I lowed I would, but I dunno," replied the other.

There was another silence of 10 minutes broken only by the slash of the jackknife through the yellow pine stick. A horseman rode by "totin'" a bag of meal in front of the saddle.

After the usual speculation as to who the stranger "mout be," the whittling and the blank-staring processes continued several more minutes. Finally, when the stick had been all whittled away, the prospective purchaser said:

"Wall, I don't 'spect I'll take any wood to day."

His foot fell lazily from the hub the woodhauler clucked to his mule and the two men slowly went their respective ways.

Robbed

Of a nice head of hair just through negligence. When your hair begins to fall out, don't neglect it, but get a bottle of Beggs' Hair Renewer which will stop its falling out, and if turning gray, will restore its natural color. For sale by Sneed, the druggist.

The Parents Drank.

A distinguished specialist has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve families of temperate persons during twelve years, and with the result that he found the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperate ones were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against six on the other side. The latter deaths were from weakness, convulsive attacks, or oedema of the brain and membranes. To this cheerful record is added five who were idiots; five were so stunted in growth as really to be dwarfs; five when older became epileptics, another boy ended in idiocy, five more were diseased and deformed, and two of the epileptics became by inheritance drinkers. Ten only of the fifty-seven showed during life normal disposition and development of the body and mind. Fifty of the children of the temperate families were normal in every way.

A Lovely Head of Hair

Is something that every woman should be proud of and is something that every person can have if they use Beggs' Hair Renewer. A positive guarantee with every bottle. Sold by Sneed, the druggist.

WANTED:—Man or lady for general agent and collector. No traveling; business conducted at home and by correspondence. Experience not necessary. Salary \$50.00 per month and all expenses. Must be willing to learn business and engage permanently. Only few hours a day necessary. Send four references and 10 cts. for full particulars. Address, JOHN FINNEY, Manager, P. O. Box 484, St. Louis, Mo.

Proctor Knott on Silver.

This is the way ex-Governor Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, puts the financial situation:

"I don't know when my Democracy has been more completely outraged than by the last insolent demand of the goldites that the government shall issue \$500,000,000 in gold bonds and retire the treasury note circulation with the proceeds. They don't seem to want to leave us even a hereafter. You know, as everybody else must who has half as much sense as a suckling pig, that whenever this government agrees to pay that amount, or title of it in gold, silver is doomed, so far as we are concerned, to all eternity. As old Judge Forbush said to Johnnie Moore, it had 'just as well say good-bye world, howdy hell.' Great God! How rapidly this long suffering people are driven to the dreadful alternative of slavery or internecine strife—to determine whether they will tamely hold their hands and have the shackles of a remorseless plutocracy riveted upon their wrists or fight. Now mark what I say: If the inexorable law of cause and effect has not been expunged from the statute book of the Almighty, unless a halt is called pretty d. q. you may expect to see the horrors of the French revolution put on the American stage with all the modern improvements, and that within the next decade."

ENGLISH Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweency, ring bone stifles sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. A. Egan, druggist.

A Remedy Against Flies.

"I never use window screens," said a wise housekeeper the other day, "because I have a fancy that they shut out all the air in hot weather, and besides, they serve to keep the flies in the house equally as well as keep them out."

"But I never see a fly in your house," said her friend. "How do you manage it? For my part, I must confess that screens or no screens, my summer means to me one long battle with the little pests." My remedy is a very simple one, said the good housekeeper, "and I learned it long ago from my grandmother, when I used to watch her putting bunches of lavender flowers around to keep flies away. My method is similar. I buy five cents worth of oil of lavender at the drug store and mix it with the same quantity of water. Then I put it in a common glass atomizer and spray it around the rooms wherever flies are apt to congregate, especially in the dining-room, where I sprinkle plentifully over the table linen. The odor is especially disagreeable to flies, and they will never venture in its neighborhood, though to most people it has a peculiarly fresh and grateful smell." "I shall certainly give it a trial," said the other woman.

Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker for all diseases of the blood. A positive guarantee with every bottle. Call for and be sure you get Beggs' and take no other. Sold by Sneed, the druggist.

The dedication of the Odd Fellows' Orphan home at Liberty on Thursday of last week was a grand affair. Some 5,000 of the brethren were present from various parts of the state. The home is what was formerly known as the Winner hotel and was erected by Kansas City capitalists at a cost of \$80,000, but was purchased for the home at a little over one-fourth the original cost.

Your Blood is Your Life.

Without good blood coursing through your veins you will soon look wrinkled and dried up. A few doses of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will change your whole system, giving you a healthy, fresh and youthful appearance. Sold and guaranteed by your popular druggist, H. L. Sneed.

GREAT discovery in dying, by which you can dye at home all kinds of goods—cotton, wool, silk, or mixed goods, better than the professional dyer, colors will not fade, wash out or rub off. Use the Putnam Fadeless Dyes and you will get the above results. Sold by W. C. Gaston.

Don't Read This.

Unless you wish to know that Beggs' Diarrhoea Balsam is the best medicine on earth for Summer Complaint. Never fails. Cures every time. Equally good for children. Sold and warranted by Sneed, the druggist.

OVERWHELMED.

She donned her bloomers and away she fled, While the miles behind her swiftly sped, Soon she was far from the city's grime, Among the fields in the sweet springtime.

She soon grew thirsty. "Said she: 'I think At the next farmhouse I'll get a drink.'"

The farmhouse reached, a minute or more, She knocked at the paintless, sunburned door.

The farmer came ere she ceased to knock, He came, he saw—and the awful shock

Benumbed him so he could only say:

"Gee goshalmighty! Now you go 'way."

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

"A traveler to Jerico traveled one day, Thoughtless of the danger that lurked by the way, Past rugged mountains where cluster the pine And the green trees which the Jordan doth line.

The sea in the distance, so calm and so fair! The way is so pleasant, and balmy the air.

But soon there's a change, and these scenes fade away, For through a rough country his journey now lay.

When suddenly nearing a narrow defile, Intent on the thoughts of his mission the while, A fierce band of robbers sprang out of their lair And beat him and robbed him and then left him there.

While wounded and bleeding and left there to die, A Priest from the temple is seen passing by, "Oh! help me; I'm dying!" he cries with a moan, Unheeded; uncared for, he's left their alone.

"Oh God! must I perish—of succor despair? A Levite approaches? now I shall have care. Oh, help, son of Levi; I'm dying!" he cried. But, no, he too passes on the other side?

"Help, help! I am wounded— But who comes this way? A foe to my people I've heard them say. Oh, man of Samaria have mercy on me! I'm bleeding and dying, you surely must see."

"Now, what have we here?" the Samaritan cries; "An Israelite, whom we've been taught to despise; And yet, I can't leave him alone here to die, For he is my brother—to save him I'll try."

He gave him a cordial, poured balm in his wound, Then took off his mantle and wrapped it around The shivering form of the poor Israelite, And sought out an inn for his shelter at night.

There's no need to ask for the lesson here taught Of brotherly love, with true friendship fraught. We very well know what your answer will be— "He is my brother, who had mercy on me."

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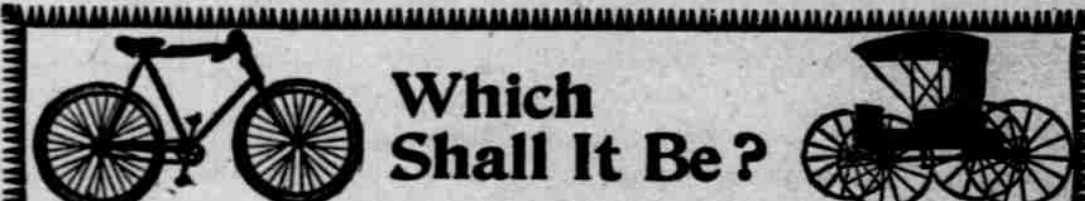
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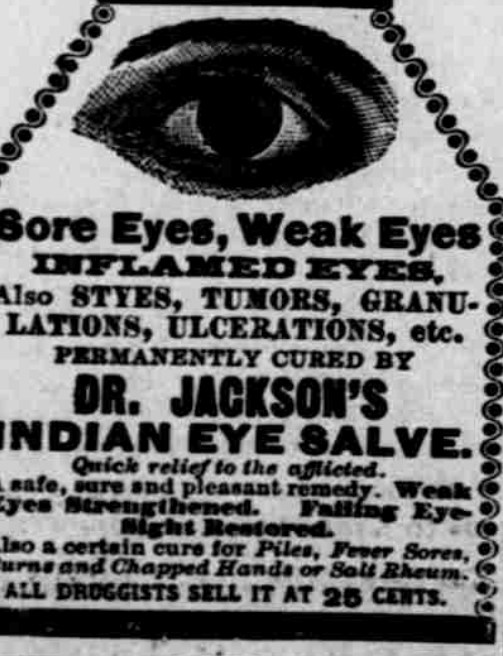
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